

AIRS, RECITATIVE,
CHORUSSES, &c.
IN A
NEW PANTOMIME,
CALLED
HARLEQUIN and OBERON,
OR
THE CHACE TO GREटना:

Now performing at the THEATRE-ROYAL
COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1796.
[PRICE 6d.]

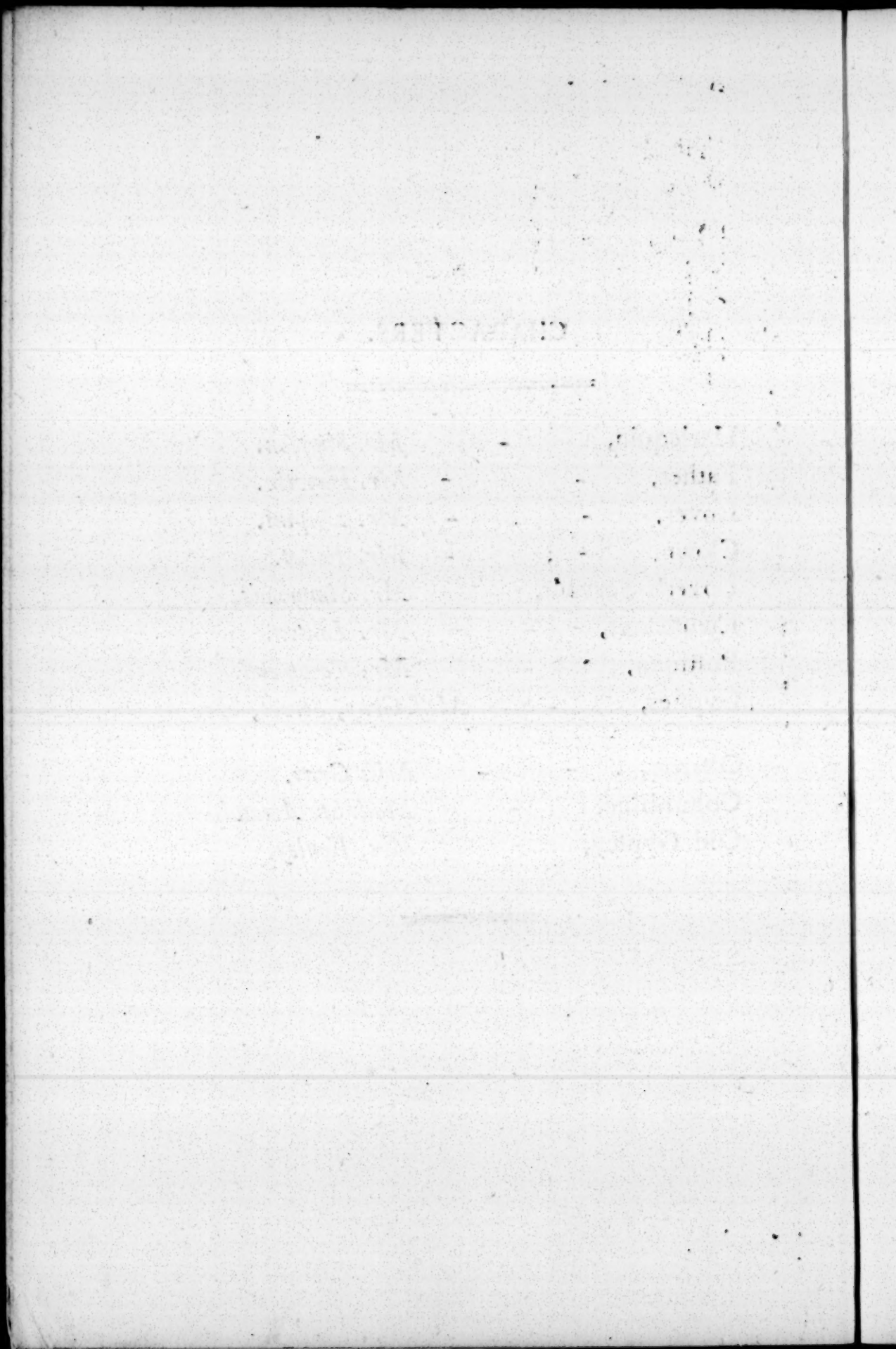


RB23 a 5879



CHARACTERS.

Harlequin,	-	<i>Mr. Simpson.</i>
Father,	-	<i>Mr. Hawtin.</i>
Lover,	-	<i>Mr. Delpini.</i>
Clown,	-	<i>Mr. Follet.</i>
Lover's Servant,		<i>Mr. Simmonds.</i>
Lieutenant,	-	<i>Mr. Linton.</i>
Postman,	-	<i>Mr. Townsend.</i>
Gypsies,	-	<i>Mess. Gray, Street, &c.</i>
Oberon,	-	<i>Miss Gray.</i>
Columbine,	-	<i>Mad. St. Amand.</i>
Old Gypsey,	-	<i>Mrs. Henley.</i>



AIRS, RECITATIVE, &c.

IN

HARLEQUIN AND OBERON.

RECITATIVE—OBERON.

LO! here I come, fairies' king,
Who, encircled in this splendid ring,
Bid for a time the groves farewell,
The heath, the meadow, steep and dell,
To shew in dreams, as charg'd by fate,
The chief events that Columbine await;
'Till, after various cunning feats are try'd,
Her mottled lover win her as his bride.

AIR

AIR—OBERON.

TO Scotland's realm then post away,
 That Paphos of the present day,
 Where Vulcan, at his smithy, black as jet,
 For many a pair of lovers spreads his net;
 And well must he perform the marriage rite,
 Who makes the hardest iron to unite.

RECITATIVE—OBERON.

RISE, Harlequin! in thee shall dwell
 The trick of many a magic spell!
 The skill—to many a form to change,
 Go forth—the world is thine to range;
 This sceptre of the magic world receive,
 By this unnumber'd frolics thou'lt atchieve.

SONG

SONG.

COME, boys and girls, men and maids,
widows and wives!

The best penny lay out you e'er spent in
your lives;

Here's my whirligig lottery, a penny a spell,
No blanks, but all prizes, and that's pretty
well;

Don't stand humming and haking with *ifs*
and with *buts*,

Try your luck for my round and sound
gingerbread nuts;

And then here's my glorious spice ginger-
bread too,

Hot enough to thaw even the heart of a Jew.

Hot spice gingerbread! hot!

Come, buy my spice gingerbread, smoak-
ing hot!

II.

I'm a gingerbread merchant, but what of
that there,

All the world, take my word, deal in ginger-
bread ware;

Yo.

Your fine beaux and your belles, and your
rattlepate rakes,

One half are *game-nuts*, the rest *gingerbread
cakes*;

Then in gingerbread coaches we've ginger-
bread lords,

And gingerbread soldiers with gingerbread
swords;

And what are your patriots? 'tis easy to tell,
By their constantly crying they've—some-
thing to sell,

And what harm is there in selling—hem!

Hot spice gingerbread, hot! &c.

III.

My gingerbread lottery is just like the world,
For its index of chances for ever is twirl'd;
But some difference between 'em exists with-
out doubt,

The world's lottery has blanks, while mine's
wholly without.

There no matter how often you shuffle and cut,
It an't once in ten games you can get a game
nut.

So I laugh at the world like an impudent elf,
And, just like my betters, take care of myself.

Hot spice gingerbread! &c.

CATCH

CATCH—GYPSIES.

O! who has seen the millar's wife?
 I, and kindled up new strife;
 A shilling from her palm I took,
 'Ere on the cross lines I cou'd look.
 Who the tanner's daughter seen?
 I, in quest of her have been;
 But as the tanner was within,
 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin.

GLEE—GYPSIES.

FROM every place condemn'd to roam,
 In every place we seek a home;
 These branches form our summer's roof,
 By thick-grown leaves made weather-proof;
 In shelt'ring nooks and hollow ways,
 We cheerly pass our winter-days.
 Come circle round the gypsies' fire,
 Our songs, our stories never tire,
 Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,
 You'll find the gypsies' life is merry.

HUNTING SONG—MR. INCLEDON.

AT the dawn of Aurora my mistress I leave,
 To enjoy the sweet breath of grey morn;
 If a southerly wind gently wafts o'er the heath,
 The huntsman salutes with his horn;
 The hounds from their kennel impatiently
 yell,
 Swift as lightning they dart thro' the dell,
 Then they find and they follow,
 And give the view hollo!
 With yoicks, follow, follow, tallyho!
 We leap hedges and ditches, on our high
 mettled steeds,
 And Reynard, bold Reynard, is chas'd till
 he bleeds;
 Then at dusk we trot home to regale with
 the fair,
 Thus a sportsman can never know care.

Long evenings we shorten by music's soft
charms,

Beguil'd by the catch and the glee,
So healthy we live at our snug little farms,
The physician is starving for want of his
fee;

Each true hearted sportsman, or peasant, or
lord,

With welcome partakes of our cheer,
For they find and they follow, and join the
view-hollo,

With yoicks, &c.

Who drinks not of wine at our snug little
farm,

Will always find beef and strong beer,
And our first standing toast is "the Chase and
the Fair,"

Thus a sportsman can never know care.

SONG—LIEUTENANT.

SINCE our foes to invade us have long been
preparing,
'Tis clear they consider we've something
worth sharing,
And for that mean to visit our shore;
It behoves us, however, with spirit to
meet 'em,
And, tho' 'twill be nothing uncommon to
beat 'em,
We must try how they'll take it once
more.

Chorus.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this toast given,
Here's England for ever! the land, boys,
we live in.

II.

Here's a health to our tars, on the wild ocean
ranging,
Perhaps, even now, some broadsides are ex-
changing,
We'll on shipboard, and join in the fight;
And

And when with the foe we are firmly engaging
'Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in it's
raging,

On our country we'll think with delight.

Chorus.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this toast
given,

Here's England for ever! the land, boys, we
live in.

III.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory
was seated,

Long, long may our KING by his people be
greeted!

O, to guard him we'll be of one mind!

May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were
intended,

In union the nation to bind.

Chorus.

So fill, fill your glasses, and be this toast given,
Here's England for ever! the land, boys,
we live in!

RECI-

RECITATIVE—OBERON.

OF power and Columbine bereft,
What other blessings hast thou left?
None, thoughtless being—yet thy state to
view

Excites compassion in my breast.
Suppose thy art I shou'd renew,
Wou'd it with prudence be possess'd?
—Well, since a promise in thy looks I read,
Receive, once more, a friendly fairy's meed.

RECI-

RECITATIVE—OBERON.

HENCE, thou sulphur-blowing wight !
That altar forge prophanes our sight.
Domestic strife, be far away,
Let both command, and both obey.

FINALE.

OBERON.

HITHER, ye Elphin crew, repair,
Nip and trip, and skip that are
To Oberon, your king, so dear,
Come light as downy feather:
Fib and Tib, and Pinch and Pin,
Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
Come, Pigmies, altogether.

Chorus.



Chorus.

'Ere the gay dawn with early light,
Peeps up to watch retiring night,
We'll hence to forests, hills, and lakes,
Just as the wanton fancy takes.
So now good night, and to your pillows
creep,
Sweet be your dreams, and tranquil be your
sleep.

THE END.

16875593



30.7.1987

